

CHARLOTTE CORDAY... For The Tribune.

BY JOSEPH BROWN.

"And I, too, have been in the world, and I have seen things which...

See stood, unheeding of the jeering crowd,

And gazed upon the scaffold—pale and proud—

No terror in her eyes.

And there, with eye prophetic, read the scroll

Which told that tyrant blood

Add wings, not a burden, to the soul

Which shrouded for Human Good.

She stood upon the scaffold, and her form

Dilated in its pride.

She stood, serene amid the frantic storm.

A Vengeance sanctified!

She heeded not the cries—the place—

Her woman heart was brave:

The Prefatory Glens was on her face

Of light beyond the grave!

And in the radiance of stern delight

Anticipated bliss.

She seemed, that maiden, terrible and bright,

A human Nemesis!

She stood that hour upon the place of Shame,

A mystery for Time;

For she had done a deed without a name—

Oh, call it not a crime!

She loved the "Glorious," who spoke great truths—

Great truths which cannot die.

She loved that brilliant band of patriot youths

Who lived for History;

And, who words were like music to her ears,

And VERGILIAN, the true.

And, who loved this other love beyond,

She loved young BARBAROUX!

Their noble hopes and passionate longings burned

Like flame, into her soul;

And all the maiden's fiery thoughts were turned

To one tremendous goal.

She followed out her mission to the end;

Ah, Earth has few like her;

She died, for she was Freedom's martyred friend,

And smote the murderer.

Ah, author Bowers and strew them on her grave,

And sing a requiem low;

For her, the young, the beautiful, the brave,

Who struck the avenging blow.

And bring the first fruits of the Spring to grace

The tomb where she is laid;

Earth holds no ground more hallowed than this

Where sleeps the martyred maid.

Oh, sing the requiem, children of her land,

For she unlocked your chain;

And if blood she shed that snowy hand,

'Twas blood that left no stain.

Weep, weep the martyr—she was like the Sun,

A blessing overhead;

Shedding pure light until the goal was won,

Then deepening into red.

Even as I speak, a grateful country weeps

Over the holy grave;

While she, the "Angel of Assassination," sleeps

Where sleeps the Brave.

The party of the Gloriosa was composed of virtuous

and able men. Like the literary class generally, however,

they were more of theorists than actors. Their merits

and demerits, and they wanted more sufficient to over-

come them.

I have taken a little license in positively attributing to

Charlotte a greater love for BARBAROUX than that which

she manifested for the other Gloriosa. I am however

entirely justified by facts. BARBAROUX was the first of

the brilliant and visionary party sought, and her last

words—at least her last written words—were addressed to

him.

I LAMARTINE.

HAPPY AT HOME.

BY RICHARD CROGG.

Let the gray and the old go forth where they will,

In search of soft pleasure, that syren of ill;

Let them seek her in Fashion's illumined alcove,

Where Melody mingles at the heart of tone;

Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the

maiden.

While her spirit, perceptive, is with sorrow of

And where, mid the gladness of joy, she should braid

her hair, the sun of its rattle betrayed.

Oh, no! let the life for happiness roam,

For me! I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh how thrillingly sweet is that word,

And what visions of beauty are stirred!

I ask not that luxury curtain my room

With Damask from India's exquisite loom;

The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,

And manna will eat it if blazon too free;

The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth

I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!

With these and my dear ones I care not to roam.

For, oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

While the bee and the butterfly, both in their pride.

Are vying each other in sweets well applied—

And the humming bird sprightly, as if dancing, is

even

Sipping food from the pea blossom, wood-bone, and

With my book of my needle, improving an hour.

I repose me so sweetly in my own garden bow—

I wander, while thinking, how any could roam.

When the poorest, like me, may be happy at home.

New-York, April 17, 1850.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

MAHMOUD THE IMAGE BREAKER.

BY A. E. LITTLE.

On a scene has modern nature, only that survives

Of past history which made kindred in all lands and climes.

Mahmoud once, the idolater, spreader of the Faith,

Was at sunset tempted, as he is the legend told,

In the great pagoda, center, mountain and temple, to

Gravitate on a throne of granite, slanted by the silent face

Of Mahmoud, passed a moment, slanted by the silent face

That with eyes of stone unwavering, saw the ancient place

Then the Brahmins came before him, his dark face held

Pleading for their idols' ransom, ransom of precious use.

Gold was yellow dirt in Mahmoud's hand, but of precious use.

Since from the roof of the temple came a point of view

Where you stood alone in question, this world please me

—Where you stood alone in question, this world please me

Mahmoud said, "That, with the black there, I say truth must

Watch and rule, slip down with Fortune, as her wheel

turns round.

He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be deceived.

"Little was a change of station, loss of life or crown.

But the work was past, and he was left with night and pain.

So he turned to the present, and with night and pain.

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A "Homestead Union"—Contest for Governor.

—Editors' Convention—Reform, &c.

Baltimore Correspondence of The Tribune.

Baltimore, Wednesday, April 17, 1850.

A society of mechanics and others have recently

got up what they term a "Homestead Union"

in this city, which is increasing very rapidly in

numbers. The object designed is to procure (and

secure) to each member a homestead for his wife and

family, and by mutual assistance to render the

design of the "Union" more easily and surely

accomplished. An effort will be made by the

philanthropists in the community to obtain from the

Legislature at its next session, a law abolishing

imprisonment for debt, and granting exemption

to the holder of each family from the State

tax. The object has been much talked of lately, but

I doubt whether anything of the kind can be

obtained.

The contest among the Loco-Foco aspirants for

the nomination for Governor begins to grow

exceedingly interesting. Ex-Governor Buchanan

is run completely off the track from present ap-  
pearances, and Hon. J. Thomson Mason by his

avowed determination not to be for the office,

has beyond all peradventure ruined all his chances.

Col. Gittings and E. N. Lowe, Esq. are the

nominees, and are now making their way

to the State. The first Col. Clarke, State

Senator from Washington County, will certainly be

the Whig nominee and he will run a good

poll if his connection with negroes does not injure him.

The Editors' Convention which I noticed in my

last, has not transacted its business and adjourned.

As I predicted it ended in nothing. Resolutions

favorable to cheap postage and the free

circulation of newspapers within the Congressional

Districts were adopted. Resolutions in

reference to the necessity of keeping up the price

of advertising, and opposed to the reduction

made by newspaper agents, were also passed, but

as only about fifteen country papers out of nearly

four hundred in the State, were represented the

action of the Convention will prove a nullity. The

eight or ten thousand dollars these papers receive

from "newspaper agents" for advertising, they

will not and cannot do without, each year.

A great Reform Town Meeting is to come off in

Monument square, on to-morrow night, and all

great souls of the Whig and Loco-Foco are

expected to be present. It will be a curious

experiment. It will be a curious experiment

carried out as advertised. The Loco are playing

a deep game with this Reform lobby, and unless

the Whigs of Maryland are on the guard they

will appropriate every particle of this Reform

thunder as their own. This meeting was got

up "without distinction of party," but my word for

it, every lot of benefit will be appropriated by

the Loco. Some strange things may grow out of

this movement, and the Whigs beware.

The weather continues exceedingly cold for the

season. The early blossoming fruit has been

injured, and fears are entertained that all will

suffer.

IAGO.

New-York State Agricultural Society.

EXECUTIVE MEETING. ALBANY, April 17.

Present: E. P. Prentiss, President; Geo. Vail, Esq.,

Amherst, Vice-President; B. B. Kirtland, Esq.,

Vice-President; J. P. Johnson, Secretary.

We find in the Albany Evening Journal a

detailed report of the proceedings at this stated

meeting of the State Agricultural Society, from

which we take the following extracts:

First—Prof. J. H. Hodges, Belfast, Ireland, in

forwarding a prize essay for the culture of flax,

says: "I would recommend you to bring the subject of

flax culture before the members of your important

Society, as at the present time it would be found

worthy of their notice. In Ireland great efforts

have been made to promote it, but the supply is

very much unequal to the demand for our own

manufacture. At present, in Belfast, flax seed

of good quality can be procured with difficulty. Now,

America might supply us with great advantage,

and without injury to our interests, as the crop is

one which cannot be cultivated beyond a certain

extent. Having devoted considerable attention

to the subject, I shall be happy to give you any

information you may consider necessary for your

direction. I have also enclosed a list of the

flax seed, which I have been able to procure, and

which I have been able to procure, and which I

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